they are for my present purpose almost worthless. Yet because things written at the time are considered by some people to be more reliable than those written years afterwards when memory calls in imagination to her help, I have hunted up a few passages from my diaries between 1887 and 1901; and now I give them in the raw for what they are worth—in my opinion nothing 1

July 1887.—E. B.-J. (Sir Edward Burnc-Jones) sent me a picture he has painted for me—a troop of little angels.

August 2.—(We were in Scotland.) Visited the "Blasted Heath." Behold a flourishing potato field! Smooth softness everywhere. We must blast our own heath when we do Macbeth 1

November 29.—(We were in America.) Matinee " Faust"—Beecher Memorial. The whole affair was the strangest failure. H. I. himself took heaps of tickets, but the house •was half empty.

The following Saturday,—Matinee " Faust." House crammed. Why couldn't they have come when it was to honour Beecher ?

January 1890.—In answer to some oue who had said that Henry had all his plays written for him, he pointed out that of twenty-eight Lyceum productions, only three were written "for** him—" Charles I," ff Eugene Aram," and <f Vanderdecken."

February 27.—(My birthday.) Henry gave me a most exquisite wreath for the head. It is made of green stones and diamonds and is like a myrtle wreath. I never saw anything so simple and grand. It's lovely.

(During this year our readings of " Macbeth " took place.)

April.—Visit to Trentham after the reading at Hanley. Next day to hotel at Bradford, where there were beetles **in** the bedsl

I see that Bulwer, speaking of Macready's Macbeth, says